



SUMMER FAREWELL.

JUST WHEN HOT-WEATHER FINERY REACHES PERFECTION.

THE HANDSOMEST GOWNS.

Some of the Newest Give Hints of What the Fall Modes Will Be—

Trimming More Plentiful—Some

Late Paris Styles.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)
NEWPORT, August 28.—Summer styles are now trembling upon the pinnacle of perfection. In a few short days the retrogression will set in and matron and maid will cast aside these poems of summer finery for the more sober fall gowns and wraps for wear among the Berkshire Hills.

The prettiest, most poetic evening gown is made of tulle and crowned with success by her most radiant smile. It is made with three skirts in three different colors, one each of pale green, mauve, and pink, in the softest, most undecided shades, which make a charming effect. The sleeves of all the new evening dresses are either very short or just long enough to reach the elbow, and quite close to the arm, finished with a little frill. Other new evening gowns are made of lace, trimmed with flounces, a very significant fashion, since it portends the trimming of all skirts and the downfall of the prettiest, plain ones so much in favor just at present.

Pretty evening dresses, too, are made of white silk mullin, in some simple style, with broad sashes of ribbon for the finish. White gilette silk is also a very popular material, trimmed with sequined embroidery or lace. White moire velour is another fashionable fabric for skirts, with chiffon waist and sleeves. Matronly women wear soft broadsides, made with a short train, but the skirt, which just clears the floor all around, is the proper length for young women. A black net evening gown over white silk, and trimmed with white applique lace, is very striking with the bodice well covered with the applique, a band of it around the bottom and belted around the waist with pink ribbon. Diamond ornaments for the hair have taken the place of the aigrette so much worn during the win-

ter, and if you cannot afford the real article the Parisian diamonds will answer the purpose with good effect.

A pretty evening dress is of china silk, starting from the deepest to the palest tints of mauve, with a dainty lace design in white. The bodice is of white chiffon, draped over the shoulders with fine lace, which forms long scarf ends in front. Yellow roses trim the neck and sleeves. A more novel evening bodice of chiffon shows a Pique jacket of embroidered silk, with pointed epaulets, and a plaited collar in front and an embroidered belt. The Louis Seize gown of china silk for the matron has a black satin bodice and a full skirt of white chiffon, draped around the shoulders. White chiffon trills finish the close satin sleeves.

Among the stylish little capes for evening wear is one of white chiffon plaitings and a finish of white ostrich tips or rosettes of chiffon and black tulle. Some of the latest gowns made for afternoon and morning wear are those of plaid and black and white silk alpaca, trimmed lavishly with black velvet ribbon, which is one of the special features of dress decoration. It is used very effectively in various widths on evening as well as day gowns, and the old fashion of trimming skirts with three rows of graduated widths set on in vandyke points is revived again. Black velvet ribbon is conspicuous in millinery, too, and all the latest hats have a bow of this ribbon tied in with the flowers or feathers. White lace has come to the front again among the dress trimmings, and in the yellow that mixed with white chiffon the effect is very pretty. Entire waists, with leques, are made of this lace, and white muslin gowns are trimmed with Maltese motifs set on like insertion around the skirt and dotting the waist and sleeves.

All sorts and kinds of embroideries are seen on the fashionable gowns, the latest of which is a mixture of colored straw and applique lace, and also flower designs done in cream white baby ribbon all over the little bolero jackets.

Old waists may be counted by the dozen in the average woman's summer outfit, and they are made of every grade of material, from gingham to broad silk, but the latest advice from Paris are decidedly against the waist, which is distinctly in contrast to the skirt.

Where Are the Old Ladies?

"What has become of all the old ladies?" remarked a man the other day. "When I was a boy there used to be one in nearly every family I knew and visited—wrinkled, white-haired, veritable old women, who by their venerable appearance gave a dignity to the household. One by one these dear old ladies, so associated in my mind with the pleasant days of my youth, have, in the course of

nature, joined the great majority; and, sadly enough, their places have never been filled.

"Other succeeding generations have passed through the customary gradations of childhood, youth and middle age, but there are no old people, or, at least, only an occasional specimen bowed down by physical infirmities betokening great age, and as different from the pretty, kindly, bustling old ladies that I remember as it is possible to imagine. Who would dare to call the modern grandmother old?"

"I felt old once," remarked one of these remarkable end-of-the-century products, "but that was years and years ago, when my children were growing up, and I was worried to death about their health and their education, and their morals, and their manners, together with their future, and the thousand and one things that mothers fret over so unnecessarily—for, after all, what will be, and there is no use bruising one's self against a stone wall."

"Now, thank the Lord, they are all married and settled, and I feel as if I had taken a new lease of existence. I find that there are no end of things I can enjoy that when I was a young woman I had no time or inclination for. So I have taken up painting, and have become interested in politics and social questions; have developed a taste for society, have become tolerably proficient in bicycling and golf, and am generally enjoying myself. I certainly do not feel old now. Do I look it?" she added, laughing.

Certainly, no trace of old age could be detected in the superb physique and handsome countenance of the dame, who, twenty-five years ago, would have been relegated to the ranks of old ladies—imagine it was then the almost universally accepted notion that when a woman's children entered upon their existence, her day was practically over, and that she must comport herself accordingly.

What She Buys.

A skirt of beige colored serge trimmed with two clusters of white braid in graduated widths, the upper cluster nearly half way up, a figaro jacket of white pique, the back fitted and the front plaited and loose, over a blouse of white burr with black or green; large hat, all black; green parasol; tan shoes.

A skirt of black serge entirely side-plaited, a blouse of yellow chiffon with flaring collar and cuffs of orange satin on which white guipure is applied, belt of black satin, black hat trimmed with black on the outside and orange flowers under the brim.

A gown of ecru batiste over yellow, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon; the ribbon is put on the skirt in parallel rows, forming an irregular fret pattern, and the same pattern is carried out on the blouse; flaring collar at the top of the neck band, lined with black, narrow belt of orange; yellow straw hat, bound with black, with yellow taffeta ribbon and yellow and orange flowers.

A gown of brown foulard with large Japanese pattern in white, over it a sleeveless Russian blouse with epaulets of plain tulle, all in tucks and belted in brown; white Leghorn hat bound with black velvet and trimmed with shaded green satin ribbon; under the brim black velvet bows fastened with straw buckles.

For wear with a black skirt nothing can be prettier than a bodice showing a combination of black and white, with, perhaps, a glimpse of color at the throat, by way of life. A bodice of black satin is entirely covered over with a coarsely-patterned lace, in dead white, showing tiny leaves, caught together with black jet sequins.

There is a tiny bolero jacket of black satin peeping over the bust in sharp points, the edge made smart with a row of tiny lace leaves applied along the edge. The mosquito-trimmed sleeves are closely wrinkled to the shoulders, where a huge puff sets out smartly. There is a wide stock of black satin ribbon, with huge bows at the back, held in place by glittering rhinestone buttons. Rhinestones of white net finish the neck and wrist.

Another smart bodice in black and white is made up of black and white striped velvet, with the stripes running crosswise of the figure. It is cut with smart positions at the back, lined with black, and opens in jacket effect at the front, displaying a lovely draped vest of white mousseline de sole, caught in at the waist by a jet grille. A flaring collar

has an interlining of thickly plaited white net, made full at the back and wired to set up stiffly at the back of the head.

The sleeves are closely wrinkled and surmounted by a stiffened puff at the shoulders. They are cut in deep points at the wrist, and are finished with soft frills of the net.

An exception to the soft materials is made for white pique, which is much



READY FOR SEPTEMBER DAYS.

Now, says a Paris fashion letter. Made up in tailor fashion, with jacket and skirt, it serves for yachting and other sport, and for the morning promenade. Also, the white pique jacket worn with dark wool knickerbockers, is the favorite bicycle dress. Usually, but not always, the jacket is of loose box shape, a little longer than the waist. A new model in pique has the skirt laid over down one side only of the front, in a hem with large pearl buttons all the way down. A short bolero of the pique is also double breasted and carries up the line of the skirt. It falls over a wide black satin belt.

Alpaca, as I predicted, has not had great success with Parisians, who have preferred, on the whole, to choose for their outing gowns either pique or serge. This material started out the season with a blintz of trumpets, but must now be hunted for in the dark corners of the shops. The manufacturers counted without their host. It has a quality too poor; it is inflexible and refuses an intimate relation with the figure, and the women have very generally rejected it for gowns.

Nevertheless, precisely because of its negative qualities, it has its place for travelling cloaks, and particularly for children's dresses, where it serves with distinction. At the French beaches little girls from 6 to 12 are wearing a garment of alpaca made with a long blouse and short skirt, tied around with a wide taffeta sash. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders under a strap, stitched down over the seams. The skirt is box plaited. With this is worn a hat composed of straw crown and chiffon ruffle for brim. Short stockings that leave the leg bare. Little boys wear alpaca suits made of a sailor blouse, extra long, with sailor collar, also extravagantly long, and trousers to the knee, either loose or falling as they please. A large hat with brim rolling back forms the face. Short stockings. Long sailor trousers are worn also, but these are usually wool.

Very chic women at the races that like a touch of the pronounced character in their dress get it with plaids and checks, and also with a combination of tailor skirt and contrasting jacket or blouse. Generally such tastes make a sacrifice of chiffons and delicate laces for simple lines and a maximum style.

The sailor hat is a part of such toilettes, but with an ample crown and wide brim and bearing no relation to the tiny hat that that perches on the back hair of women across the channel. It sits down on the head, and forms a discreet battery for the eyes, that may at their ease flash out coquetry from behind and retire again.

The following toilettes are all in the taste of the moment:

A skirt of blue and green Scotch plaid



AT THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

surah skirted round the tips, with a fold of blue velvet placed at eight inches from the bottom. A blouse of the same covered with ecru batiste, accordion plaited, and forming a transparency, the sleeve also covered; a plaiting of the surah at the neck and wrists; hat of manilla straw, with a band of gold braid laid over blue velvet, and a knot with black quills at the side; ecru parasol; tan shoes.

A skirt and loose jacket of black and white checked wool, with a large collar, and revers forming one piece of white pique; the jacket falls open over a black chiffon blouse; sailor hat with yellow straw brim and black tulle crown; scarlet silk parasol; white shoes.

Of Passing Interest.

The Societe des Gens de Lettres (Society of Men and Women of Letters) in France, numbers among its members more than 20,000, who are more than 60 years old. The oldest of them all is Mme. du Bos d'Elbeuf, who was born on May 15, 1799. If she lives until the next French national exposition she will be more than a century old, and might profitably be added to its exhibits. The common impression that persons who devote themselves to the liberal professions do not average a very long life is amply disproved by the Societe des Lettres. Mme. d'Elbeuf was a popular writer in the 'forties,' and published no end of romances, which were eagerly read. And now she is virtually forgotten by the great public! Her literary pseudonym was "Clement d'Elbeuf." She is living in retirement at Angers.

The statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which was unveiled in the presence of the President of the French Republic at Rheims last month, is very spirited and lifelike. It presents the Maid of Orleans mounted on her battle-horse, a vigorous and determined animal, extremely realistic in the modelling, herself holding the reins with the left hand, and brandishing a sword in her right. Her breast is a small round casque, and she is clad in light armor. The moment chosen by the sculptor is that at the termination of the consecration and coronation of Charles VII., in the bringing about of which she was so instrumental. She is supposed to

have just come forth from the ancient cathedral. Her head is lifted as if in an impulse of triumphant enthusiasm; the legs are stiffened and straightened, as if she were half rising in her saddle. The statue is pronounced distinctly fine by the critics, and yet one historical fault is found in it. Jeanne d'Arc almost always bore her standard on public occasions. She is said to have held it aloft as she stood beside the altar in the cathedral at the consecration of Charles VII. It is most probable that she would still have had it in her hand after she mounted her steed to ride away.

A woman called Mother Ibrahim died recently at Vichy, aged 63 years. She was reputed to have been a cantiniere in the Second Zouave, and as such was supposed to share in their renown, if she did not contribute to it. She was said to have accompanied the regiment to the Crimea and Mexico under the empire, and to Tunis and Tonkin under the republic. Mother Ibrahim was given a fine funeral. Military honors were paid her, the regulation volley was fired over her grave, and four regimental adjutants were her pall-bearers. At the cemetery a captain of marines pronounced a eulogy upon her life in the name of an association of veterans. Mother Ibrahim had even possessed the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and her glory seemed incontestable. But the Second Zouaves happen to be in Algiers at this present time, and to them some one telegraphed the fact of her death. The response was that Mother Ibrahim was totally unknown in the regiment. Further inquiry seems thus far to have confirmed this denial. So much scandal has resulted from the story that it is not improbable that an investigation will be made by the French Government to discover how it was that the reputed cantiniere obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which, if the details be true, she was not at all entitled to.

Miss Maud Gonne, the Jeanne d'Arc of Irish politics, is the pretty daughter of the late Colonel Gonne. She is a convert to the Irish national cause from the camp of the Unionists. Before the death of her father she was the reigning beauty of the vice-regal court in Ireland. She has just been in the west of Ireland, where she has been launching a movement to celebrate the landing there of the French under General Humbert.

John D. Rockefeller, in an address before the University of Chicago recently, referred to the money he had given to the university, and then remarked: "It is but the beginning—" when he was interrupted by frantic applause, indicating the impression that he was about to announce another magnificent contribution. When he could be heard again, however, he concluded, with a quiet smile: "And you are going on to finish the work."

Mr. Henry Somers-Somerset, the son of Lady Henry Somerset, the famous temperance advocate, has been made secretary to the Royal Commission on Alcohol Licenses. As this commission is chiefly useful in facilitating the issue of licenses to retail liquor dealers, and as young Somerset—who, by the way, studied at Harvard University—does not share his mother's temperance views, the appointment may be regarded in the light of a joke on Lord Salisbury's part.

Dr. Quilide, whose brochure on "Canguila" created a sensation in Germany two years ago, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment for lese-majesty. He had asserted that to call William the First William the Great was a piece of "political shamelessness." This was regarded as an insult to William the Second, who had endeavored to confer this title upon his grandfather, and Dr. Quilide was criminally prosecuted. With the final result above stated. The Munich "Allgemeine Zeitung" published an account of the trial as an item of news, and the editor was thereupon indicted for lese-majesty. In defending quoted Dr. Quilide's words. So great was the indignation at this arbitrary action that the prosecution was finally withdrawn.

Lady Beatrice Frances Elizabeth Butler, one of the most beautiful girls in Great Britain, who is now just passing out of her teens, is truly the daughter of a hundred earls. Her father is Marquis of Ormonde, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, and Viscount Thurles of Thurles in the County Tipperary. Her mother was Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, eldest daughter of the Duke of Westminster. The house of Butler of Ormonde is one of the noblest in Ireland and the oldest in Irish history. The Butlers and the Geraldines—vivals in power and equals in renown—have been at the head of the fine nobility of Ireland ever since the Anglo-Norman invasion. The first of the family to arrive on Irish soil was Lord Theobald Fitz-Walter, in the reign of Henry the Second. He was chief butler of Ireland, whence the surname.

HOW DICKENS WROTE.

The Novelist Was Systematic and Methodical in His Work.

Stephen Fiske presents a most interesting pen picture of Dickens, his family, and of "Gad's Hill," where he was a frequent and welcome guest, in the September Ladies' Home Journal. Of Dickens's method Mr. Fiske writes: "During my visits Dickens was not at work upon a novel, but he shut himself in Fichet's chaise from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. almost every day. This was another part of his habit. He always said that if he felt in the mood he would write an 'Uncommercial Traveller' article; if not, he would answer letters, read 'All the Year Round' proofs, tell down ideas, fill up the time with some sort of dilettante labor. This, he told me, was his self-discipline. The one room in the chaise was sparsely furnished, and had windows on all sides, commanding quiet, pleasant views of fields and plants. His seldom talked of his books, but one rainy day he showed me the bound manuscript of one of them, and told me his method of planning a story. Having selected a subject he would write down the names of the hero and surround it with queries: 'Shall he be rich? Parents or guardians? Debauched of his property? An early love?' and so on with the other characters as they occurred to him. He always wrote blue ink, and so did Yates and Halliday, and the other writers of what was then 'the Dickens school.' They all called him 'Chief,' and he liked the title."

Love's Way.

(Baltimore American.)
Why do I love you, sweetheart mine?
In sooth, I cannot say.
Love came to me so stealthily
I never saw his way.

His gentle footsteps scarcely pressed
The pathway to my heart;
I only saw him standing there,
And knew he'd ne'er depart.

How can I tell what brought him when
I know not how he came?
I only knew, and bowed before
The magic of his name.

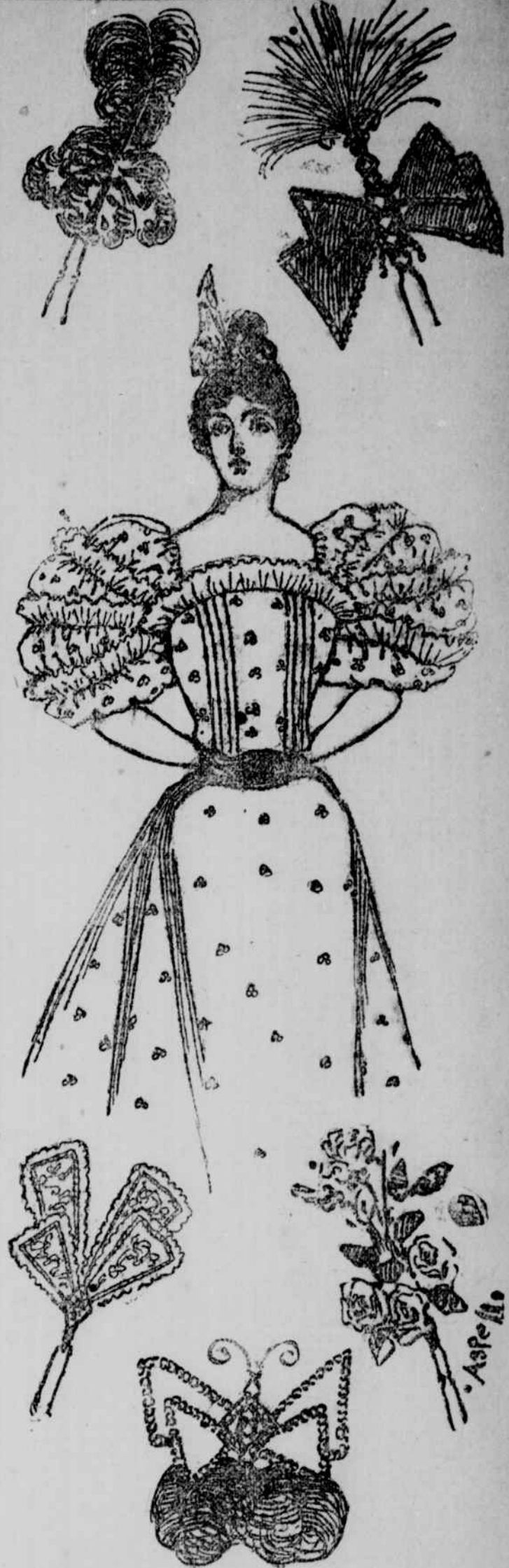
So many are more beautiful?
Ah, well, perchance 'tis true;
So many are much better, dear?
Sweet, no one else is "you!"

Popular Blouses.

Verily, until the crack of doom shall we wear the blouse. The latest and now prevailing adornment of these runs in the direction of frills of the material plain and unadorned. One in blue and green silk, which opens with a decided V down to the waist shows a vest of leaf-green chiffon, and round the V are two closely fitted frills about two and a half inches in width. Quite half the blouses are finished at throat and waist by fancy turnover collars and cuffs, while the remaining half divide their favors between deep ruffles of the material wrinkled down to the wrist. A black and white spotted muslin looks effective with a ruche at neck and wrists, edged with narrow white valencienne.

Shah and Carr.

(Nineteenth Century.)
What more dramatic than the contrast between the swift and bloody death of the successor of the monarchs whose kingdom had already grown old when Caesar's galley first touched the shores of Britain, and the triumphant inauguration of the reign of the ruler of the youngest of European powers, with Princes, Ambassadors, and nobles bowing before the throne, an armed host



SEEN AT NEWPORT THIS WEEK.

around him, and a dazzled and bewildered nation shouting in their madness: "It is the voice of a god and not of a man!" In still more vivid dramatic contrast stands the shining figure of the young Count of the nation on the Khodynsk Plain, surrounded by a gay crowd of laughing women and obsequious courtiers, while the hands play Glinka's "Life for the Czar" and within sight and hearing rolls toward Moscow the long line of wagons laden with the corpses of 2,000 of his subjects, poor dumb animals, slain by the carelessness, cowardice, and imbecility of his officials. "Aye! Imperator! morituri te salutant!"

The catastrophe will, in a country so grossly ignorant and superstitious as Russia, overshadow the whole reign. Why had no care been taken to propitiate a hostile Fortune? Why, as in a Roman triumph, had no slave been placed in the chariot of the victorious general to whisper in his ear that he was mortal?

A Handsome Hat.

A handsome Leghorn hat has black and green tulle draped around the crown, with rich pink and red roses on the brim as well as hidden underneath the tulle. This diaphanous fabric reappearing on either side in aligrette form, on the left, a spray of pink and red roses.

Hints on Swimming.

(Harper's Round Table.)
The beginner should not try to swim any long distance at first. As soon as he finds that he can keep his body floating easily on the water by means of the strokes he has learned, he should aim to perfect his form rather than aim to cover

long distances. The stroke which has just been described is technically called the forward breast stroke, and although there are a great many other kinds of strokes in swimming, this is the easiest of all strokes to learn, and the one that is most generally used, except, perhaps, for racing.

One of the most common of the fancy strokes is the overhand stroke. This is performed by placing the body on the right side, with the legs held out behind perfectly straight. One leg is then brought up in front and the other is lifted up behind, and the next motion is to bring them together with a swift, scissor-like motion, exerting as much force as possible. In the mean time, the right hand is moved once in front and brought down through the water as far as the left thigh, while the left hand passes out of the water from the rear forward, and is drawn back similarly through the water, thus pulling the body along by means of a rope.

For Tired Feet.

After a long walk, or much standing, when the feet are very tired, it is a good plan to bathe them in water in which charcoal has been boiled; or friction with gun and water is most useful. Another remedy under the same conditions is to take a handful of common salt into a bath of hot water. The foot often becomes very tender in persons whose feet do not perspire, but are apt to become very hot and irritable. In these cases a saline is very comforting, and the following will be found most useful: Zinc ointment, cold cream, and spermaceti in equal parts.



FOR THE MORNING.



THE LATE PARIS STYLES.